No 116.



AN

# ODE

ON

# St Cecilia's Day.

*November* 22. 1699.

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## The Words by Mr *Addiſon.*

The 4 laſt Lines of the 2d and 3d Verſe added by Mr *Tate*, markt *

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## Set to Muſic by Mr *Daniel Purcell.*

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PRepare the hollow'd ſtrain, my Muſe,
Thy ſofteſt ſounds, and ſweeteſt numbers chuſe;
The bright *Cecilia*'s praiſe rehearſe
In warbling words and gliding Verſe,
That ſmoothly run into a Song,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

Firſt let the ſprightly Violin,
The joyful melody begin.
And none of all her ſtrings be mute,
While the ſharp ſound, and ſhriller lay,
In ſweet harmonious Notes decay,
Soften'd and mellow'd by the Flute.
* The Flute, that ſweetly can complain,
* Diſſolve the frozen Nymph's diſdain,
* Panting Sympathy impart,
* Till ſhe partake her Lover's ſmart.

*Chorus.* Next let the ſolemn Organ joyn
Religious Ayres, and Strains divine,
Such as may lift us to the Skies,
And ſet all Heav'n before our eyes:
* Such as may lift us to the Skies,
* So far at leaſt till they
* Deſcend with kind ſurprize,
* And meet our pious harmony half way.

Let then the Trumpets piercing ſound,
Our raviſht ears with pleaſure wound,
The Soul o'repow'ring with delight:
As with a quick uncommon ray
A ſtreak of Lightning clears the day,
And flaſhes on the ſight.
Let Eccho too perform her part,
Prolonging ev'ry Note with Art,
And in a low expiring ſtrain
Play all the Conſort o'r again.

Such were the tuneful Notes that hung
On bright *Cecilia*'s charming tongue;
Notes that ſacred heats inſpir'd,
And with religious ardor fir'd;
The Love-ſick Youth, that long ſuppreſt
His ſmother'd paſſion in his breaſt,
No ſooner heard the warbling Dame,
But by the ſecret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with Devotion burn'd.
'With raviſh'd Soul, and looks amaz'd,
'Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd,
'Nor made his amorous complaint:
'In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
'Her heavenly voice her eyes diſarm'd,
'And chang'd the Lover to a Saint.

The lines thus mark'd are not ſet.

## Grand Chorus.

*AND now the Quire compleat rejoices,*
*With trembling ſtrings, and melting voices,*
*The tuneful ferment riſes high,*
*And works with mingled melody;*
*'Quick Diviſions run their rounds,*
*'A thouſand trills, and quivering ſounds,*
*'In airy circles o'r us fly,*
*'Till waſted by a gentle breeze,*
*'They faint and langniſh by degrees,*
*'And at a diſtance dye.*

*FINIS.*